

The St. Louis Republic Magazine

THE HATLESS SUMMER GIRL

Do you know her? Why, of course you do. You see her everywhere. At the gardens, in the parks, on the boulevards, in carriages and in the street cars. It's the hatless girl. Do you like her? You say yes, of course. Don't you think she looks cool? Another affirmative answer, for no other can be given. Yes, the hatless girl is here. And she has come to stay. At least through these months of torridity. Who can blame her? Why, none, of course. Isn't she more comfortable without all of those frills and follies so often seen in woman's headgear? And isn't it comfort we are all looking for these days? Why, only a little bow of satin, a rosette—they are popular and fashionable, you know—to mar the attractiveness of her beautiful tresses, be they black, yellow, golden or brown, the hatless girl is a thing of beauty; a joy forever. Hatless girls in St. Louis have not followed the custom so long as their sisters of the East. The fad, fancy, fashion, we'll call it what you will, has not been in vogue in the West as many years. Not because St. Louis girls are behind the times—for they never are—but simply for the reason that they have a little more hesitancy in taking hold of those new-what is it, shall we say fads?—as their more brisk Eastern sisters. The idea, be it what it may, seemingly meets the hearty approval of the smart girl this season, for you see her at all manner of places. In Forest Park she walks beneath the shade of the pretty trees with no covering for her shapely head other than that afforded by the leaves. If it is in the afternoon, she carries her parasol or sun umbrella. Can't you see the pretty picture? Attired in her gown, light in fabric, light in color, she is charming, and there is none—well few, if any—who would bid her don a hat and cover up the beautiful display of tresses. At Delmar Garden, at Forest Park High-

lands, at Suburban Garden, at Uhrig's Cave, and, in fact, at all the places frequented by the smart girl, you see her, hatless, cool, pretty. In the boats at Creve Coeur Lake, a favorite pastime in these days of yachts and yachting, you see her every evening. On the trolley cars she appears to best advantage. With the motor speeding over the rails and the breezes sweeping through the car she sits with her friends or escorts, her hair, knotted and twisted becomingly when she boarded the car, blowing furiously in the wind. Now covering her forehead and again waving about her shapely neck and shoulders. You think a disaster is impending; that her hair is coming down. But it's not. She's the hatless girl, and has provided against any such event. It won't come down. Don't be alarmed, for a plentiful supply of cunningly secreted pins holds it in place. The hatless girl is not always a miss of 15 or possibly a few more years. Sometimes she is much older. Perhaps she is a mother, or even a grandmother. It's all the same. It's a pretty fad—there's that word again—it seems to be unavoidable in writing of the hatless girl. Every evening you may see them on the cars in all parts of the city, enjoying the breezes accompanying a trolley ride. They bring the children, that is the mothers do—and they, too, are hatless. Grandma goes along for her evening's outing, her locks sprinkled with gray, carefully brushed back and never waving in the wind, like the almost carelessly arranged tresses of her granddaughter. Hats are becoming an unknown quantity in the evening strolls, rides and other pleasures of the St. Louis girl. Just watch and you'll see that there are nine hatless girls in the parks, at the gardens, on the streets and in the cars to one who is wearing the latest "dress" of the milliner's art. Asked what she considered a pretty style for arranging her hair, when she was to appear hatless, a smart girl replied: "Oh, just wave it about carelessly, for it will soon look that way if you are going out in carriage or car, but by all means don't fail to use plenty of hair pins. Some desire ornamented pins, rosettes and ribbons, but others look equally charming without them, I think; don't you?"

G. H. F. H. H.